



FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE



Mamma's Easter Lily

JUST as Christmas without gifts and Santa Claus would seem a very foolish occasion, so Easter without the gorgeous lily—franciscan, pure and beautiful—would seem not Easter at all. Now little Helen had not put it in precisely those words; but she had wondered how strange Easter would seem if there were no pretty lilies around the house. And suppose—oh, just suppose—that on Sunday when all the children gathered in the big church to sing their Easter carols, suppose then that the altar was not a mass of Easter lilies! Why, it wouldn't be Easter, it just couldn't be Easter!

Always, at Helen's house on Easter, there had been flowers. And there was a lily for each member of the family. Two big ones—in their big pots which were carefully wrapped with green crepe paper so that the ugly brown was hid—were for Papa and Mamma. And then a smaller one for Helen, and a very small one for Mary, five years old but, if you please, quite the most important member of the family. And even old Aunt Dinah, the cook, wasn't forgotten, for she, too, had her Easter lily.

Now, for many many weeks, Helen and Mary had been saving their pennies and their nickels, for this Easter was to be a very special one. Many were the times the two conspirators had put their little heads together and talked in whispers of their plan, their great "surprise." You see, Helen had thought it would be oh, so nice for them to buy an Easter lily for Mamma—and to give it to her on Easter Morn as a gift of love from her two children.

And now—on the day before Easter—when the two little girls went out for their afternoon walk, they were to buy Mamma's plant. At the last minute Helen had seen that old Aunt Dinah would have to be told about it, for the lily had to be purchased that afternoon, since the florist's shop on the corner would be closed on Easter Sunday; and, besides, some one had to keep the lily and hide it all during Saturday night so that it would indeed be a "surprise" for Mamma the next day.

"Lan's sakes, now ain't dat jes too perspicuous in you children's aprons?" Ma dat away! She jest gwine be plum tickled ter death! Ah jes reckon yo' ole Aunt Dinah gwine take pertic'lar good keer ob dat Easter lily fo' you all. Jes you gib it ter me an' Ah done hide it down in de back alrady-way whar it an nice an' cool—and tennormer m'ain dat lily gwine perk up an' say 'Happy Easter ter you, Mamma, an' many ob dem; thank ye, ma'am, same ter you an' many ob

dem! Run along now, chil'un an' buy dat lily an' bring it ter me—maybe yo' old Aunt Dinah done bettah go erlong wid you-all ter see dat yo' kites a good one, huh?"

But Helen didn't want her to; she wished to select the plant herself, thinking that in that way, somehow, it would make the gift all the more her very own and Mary's.

So, holding fast to her little pocket-book, in which were seventy-three cents, the total of their savings, Helen set out for the florist, leading Mary by the hand and telling her how careful they must be to look at every lily-plant for sale and be sure to select the very prettiest one for Mamma.

And, goodness me, what a beautiful lot of flowers the florist had. Inside the store, Easter flowers were hawked in profusion; and he had even put up wooden stands right outside his shop and had lilies and pansies and hyacinths and asters and violets and, it seemed, every kind of flower that grows set in rows on walk, so that the purchaser might walk slowly along and find just the flower he wanted.

The two little girls looked and looked—and looked. And the longer they looked the less able were they to decide which lily-plant they wanted. "I tink dat's des a booful one!" little Mary would exclaim, pointing her chubby finger at a graceful lily, nodding on its long stem.

"But see this one, Mary!" Helen would cry out, pointing to a still larger and more beautiful one. So, round and round the room they went in their search. And presently they came to one which was far and away the most wonderful lily-plant they had ever seen.

"Oh!" cried Helen. "Oh!" echoed Mary. That settled it—that was the one they would buy for Mamma. Just then the fat, jolly-faced old florist himself came walking down the aisle.

"Please," said Helen, in her most grown-up manner, "we'll take most of 'em. I can carry it if you will wrap it up for us."

"So-so," said the florist. "Dat is der van you want, yah? Vell, vell, dat can cost him four dollars and—"

"Oh!" cried Helen, waiting to hear no more. "Oh—oh—oh!" And with each "Oh!" her misery and disappointment were more apparent. "Oh, Mary! We've got only seventy-three cents and—and—" And Helen began to cry.

Mary also. Not that she knew the real difference between seventy-three cents and four dollars and some more cents—but Helen was crying and she couldn't help it.

Old Aunt Dinah was waiting for them, and she let them in the back gate so that Mamma would not see them come in the front way.

The next morning? Goodness me, wasn't Mamma surprised! At first she couldn't imagine where the extra lily had come from. But when she did she threw her arms around her little daughters and kissed them and hugged them and—indeed yes, indeed it was a happy Easter morn in that house!

which are carefully wrapped and packed for shipment to this and other countries. The second is the gathering of hardy young plants which are wrapped in soft paper and moist earth and then packed in boxes for shipment abroad.

And the third crop, the delectable flower itself, is for home consumption in Bermuda's elaborate celebration of Easter. So far as our country is concerned most of the lilies are shipped to New York, whence they are

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They started for home.

distributed to all parts of the land. But to return to the stately lily on its native heath. There have always been lilies in Bermuda, it seems. When Bermudez landed on the island in 1522 he found the lily there in profusion, but, of course, in a wild state. Now the cultivation of the lily is one of the chief occupations of Bermuda.

The celebration of Easter there would indeed be no celebration without the lily. It sheds its perfume and smiles its golden smile on all sides. The altars, churches and walls of the churches are literally buried in the fragrant blooms. And even the houses, both inside and out, are loaded with them.

There is a pretty legend about the lily and love in Bermuda that is interesting. Way, way back in the long ago, it runs, a young man was passing through a field of lilies. Accidentally, he stepped upon one and bruised it. Now the young man was in love with a maid and feared that his love was not returned. He looked down at the broken plant and it seemed to him to be a symbol of his own heart.

So, tenderly, he dug up the plant, bound the broken stem to a splint and re-planted it in the bed of his own house, where he nursed it carefully until it bloomed again. And it put forth an exquisitely beautiful flower.

Then he dug it up once more and, under cover of darkness, re-planted it in the yard of his lady love. But, it seems, she saw him while engaged in his tender task and, finding out the whole story of his kindness to the lily since first he trod upon it in the field, she concluded that such an act was an indication of his true character. And straightway she consented to marry him.

From that time on, it has been the custom for a lover to plant a lily in the yard of the house where his lady-love dwells. And if she tends and cares for it, he takes it as a sign that she is ready to return his love and accept his proposal of marriage.

Home of the Easter Flowers

At this season of the year, the Easter lily is to be seen in florists' windows, carefully nurtured in pots and boxes. But can you imagine whole fields of them nodding and swaying in the gentle breeze? They grow that way in Bermuda, the home of the Easter lily, acres and acres of them as far as the eye can see.

It is said that over two million lily plants are grown each year in Bermuda; and there a lily can be picked at nearly any season of the year. Three times each year the crop is harvested—in January, again in February and, lastly, during the week which precedes Easter.

The first crop consists of the bulbs

How To Cut An Easter Cross With a Base and Two Candles Out of Paper With One Snip of the Shears

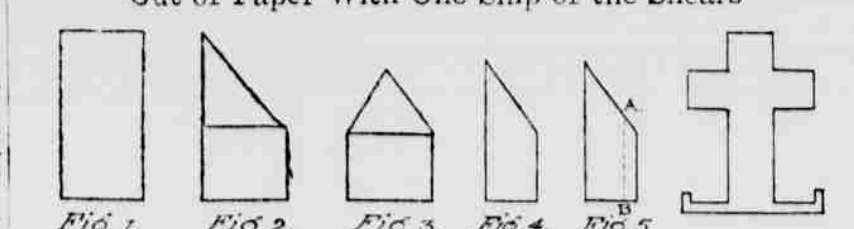


Fig. 1. Fig. 2. Fig. 3. Fig. 4. Fig. 5.

Take an oblong piece of paper—4 by 8 inches as in Figure 1. Fold one of the short ends over as in Figure 2. Fold that end over the last fold as in Figure 3. Now double the folded paper as in Figure 4. Double back as in Figure 5. Run

the scissors along the dotted line from A to B, open out the largest piece and you will find an Easter Cross. The two next longest pieces form the base and the two straight pieces are the candles. Disregard the little pieces that fall out.

by Dick Clarke

White Rabbits AND Colored Eggs

BOTH Sammy and Jane thought it nice to have an Uncle, and even nicer to have one who had lived for many, many years in far-off Paris. But, niece of all, to have such a nice uncle as Uncle Paul proved to be from the very moment he arrived to spend a whole year with his brother, their father.

Uncle Paul was such fun! And he had such queer "foreign" ways! "Mes petite enfants" he'd call them and pinch their ears, meaning "My little children." Always, he was ready for a frolic, or a long walk in the woods, or a quiet hour just before bedtime, when he would tell them of all the interesting and strange things he had seen in Paris—before this cruel war which is now raging over all Europe.

But, one day, several weeks before Easter, Uncle Paul sent Sammy and Jane into "the seventh heaven of delight" as the grown-ups sometimes say. He brought home—well, perhaps it would be better to tell it as the children saw it.

Jane, happy, pretty, smiling Jane, slipped noiselessly into the kitchen—on the lookout for a stray cookie, or even a piece of buttered-bread—and suddenly stopped stock-still, her little hands upraised in a gesture of amazement and her brown eyes big as saucers.

And with reason, too; for there on the kitchen table was a market basket filled with soft green leaves and crassas and squirming around in the greens were four of the comeliest little white rabbits one ever saw.

"Oh!" cried Jane. And again, "Oh!" Then she fairly flew to the kitchen door. "Sammy! Sammy! Sa-a-ammy!" she called to her

brother, who was playing out in the yard. "Come here—quick!—quick!"

Sammy came—and quickly, too! "Oh!" he said. And again "Oh!" Just then Uncle Paul entered the kitchen. "Well, you little rascals!" he laughed. "My, my, what sharp noses you have! I had meant to keep these little bunnies until tomorrow morning as a surprise—but now I see it is impossible. Come out to the woodshed and we will fix their cage for them."

What wonderful creatures the rabbits proved to be. Sammy named his two Raoul and Pih. Uncle Paul suggested the names; and Jane called hers Francois and Claire. On bright, sunny afternoons, the children would turn the rabbits loose in the yard and watch them scamper about into their cage and out again. The children would range afar, too, looking for soft grasses, and for choice heads of cabbage and lettuce—from the market—for their pets.

Sammy was particularly fond of Raoul and he would often get a choice handful of greens, pick Raoul up by his ears and carry him off to a secluded part of the yard where the bunny could eat his fill without being

bothered by the other rabbits. Raoul didn't mind in the least being carried that way; for it didn't hurt him at all. "Wait until Easter morning," said Uncle Paul, with a mysterious shake of his head. "Wait! You have never seen such wonderful Easter eggs as these rabbits of ours will bring?"

"Rabbits? Bring Easter eggs?" cried Jane. "Why, why Uncle Paul?"

Sammy and Jane were astonished. Rabbits bring Easter eggs? How could that be? And yet, come to think about it, they never had known where their Easter eggs did come from. They had never tried to find out. Always, on Easter morning, there had been a small basket of eggs for each of them on the table in the living room.

"How do the rabbits make some of them red and blue and pink and all those colors?" asked Sammy.

"Ah!" cried Uncle Paul. "Ah! That is just it, my little man! How do they do it? Now, I think I understand how they get the pink ones. At least people say they rub the eggs on their pink ears—and that makes them pink!"

Jane gasped for breath; and Sammy sat with his mouth wide open in amazement. "Mind you, children," continued Uncle Paul, a queer little smile playing about the corners of his mouth, "I don't say this is so—I merely relate what has been told me."

"How about the gold ones?" asked Jane.

"From the buttercups, my dear," answered Uncle Paul promptly. "I had a purple one last year," suggested Sammy.

Uncle Paul sat very still, thinking deeply. "Well," he said at last, "I must confess that I do not know where the other colored eggs come from! but I have heard it said that all rabbits know a secret pathway to the end of the rainbow and that it is there they dye their Easter eggs, thus making them any color they like."

And Uncle Paul went off laughing. "Then come Easter morning," and to the amazement of the children there were no baskets of Easter eggs on the living room table for them. But Uncle Paul winked at them slyly and

bade them go with him. First he led them to the rabbits' cage—and, sure enough, there in one corner was a pile of red and blue and green and pink ones. And then Uncle Paul felt certain they would find a few more hid about the house. They did, too. And what a merry time they had looking for them in all sorts of queer hiding places.

"I know how the rabbits colored these eggs," spoke up Sammy presently. "You do?" exclaimed Uncle Paul. "Well, well, how can that be?"

"It wasn't any rainbow, either," Sammy continued. "I don't believe such a fairy story like that. You see, I put a lot of pieces of colored paper and some of father's paints in a corner of the woodshed, and I took the rabbits up to them and pointed out all the different colors. They know what I meant, because they rubbed their heads and Raoul winked at me! Now, I guess I know all about it!"

"I dare say—I dare say," replied Uncle Paul. "Or, at least, you know as much about it as anyone does. But, my young man, suppose the rabbits haven't any noses or any paws! What then? How do they color their Easter eggs?"

Sammy was "stumped." He hadn't thought of that. And he could not answer the question. "Can you? That is, of course, if rabbits really do bring the Easter eggs, as the French children believe."



Solution to Easter Chick Puzzle.

AESOP'S RETOLD

Copyright, 1916, Garrett Newkirk, Pasadena, Cal. FIGHTING FOR A SHADOW.



A TRAVELLER hired by the day. An ass to take him on his way. The owner also as a guide. To lead or walk along beside. At noon upon the desert free. No shade appeared of bush or tree; And where they paused to rest and eat. There was no refuge from the heat. The traveller stretched him in the shade. That by the donkey's form was made. Upon the sand, enough for one. To get protection from the sun. "Get up, you fool!" the owner cried. "The beast is only yours to ride."

Enough for him to carry you. Thou didst not hire his shadow, too. 'Tis mine to rest my weary feet. And have a respite from the heat." The traveller said, "Who ever heard A proposition so absurd? His shadow is of course his own. And while I hire him, mine alone." In anger then the traveller 'rose. And with the owner came to blows. The ass, forgotten in the fray. Kicked up his heels and ran away. When over shadows men will fight. They lose the substance of the right. A quarrel over trifling things. May ruin families or kings.

Our Puzzle Corner

THE EASTER CHICK.



Tommy and his sister have set their hen so that she will hatch out some nice little Easter chicks. See if you can find an Easter chick by cutting out the black spots and fitting them together.

EASTER FLOWER PUZZLE. 1. Stranases. 2. Cithanyhs. 3. Lutpis. 4. Bazala. 5. Dabavregn. 6. Oulvrs.

SPRIT OF EASTER. If the following words of six letters each are written one below another the two central letters of each will spell the spirit of Easter.

EASTER FLOWER PUZZLE: 1. Narvissus; 2. Hyacinths; 3. Tulips; 4. Azalea; 5. Hydrangea; 6. Violets. SPRIT OF EASTER: Gladness. 1. Angels; 2. Trader; 3. Linear; 4. Res.

Adventures of Humpty Dumpty

THAT AWARD HUMPTY DUMPTY WILL SURELY TRIP AND TUMBLE INTO MY POT OF DYE IF HE ISN'T CAREFUL!

SPLASH! RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF MY NICE RED DYE!!!

I'M GOIN' HOME AN' LOOK IN TH' MIRROR BOO-HOO!

HURRAY! I'VE TURNED INTO AN EASTER EGG!

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